When Cupid Calls

By
Tom Hall

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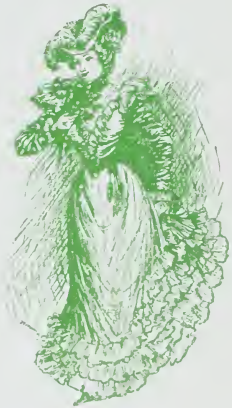
WHEN CUPID CALLS

To
MY MOTHER



WHEN CUPID CALLS

By

TOM HALL

AUTHOR OF

"WHEN LOVE LAUGHS"

etc

WITH DECORATIONS By BLANCHE McMANUS

E·R·HERRICK & COMPANY·
70·FIFTH·AVENUE·NEW YORK

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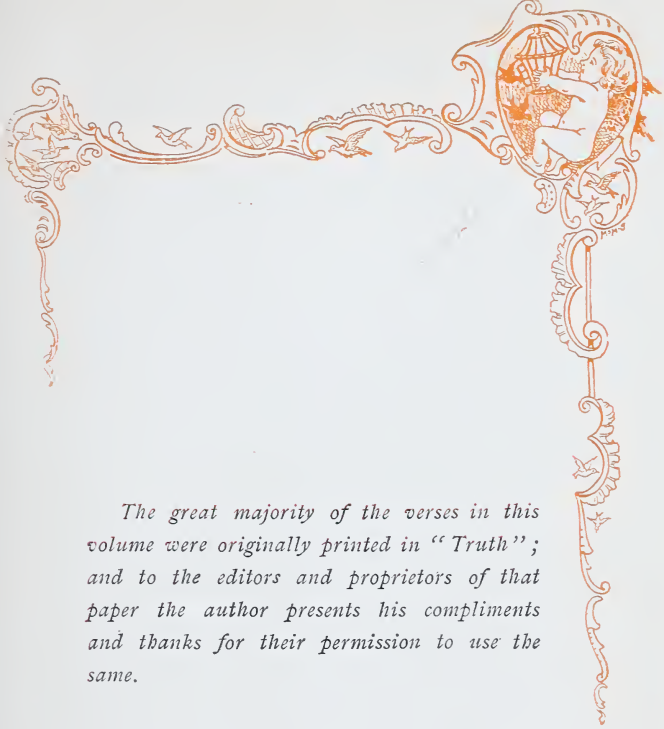

The great majority of the verses in this volume were originally printed in "Truth"; and to the editors and proprietors of that paper the author presents his compliments and thanks for their permission to use the same.

New York, September 1st, 1898.

PREFATORY NOTE

He who woos with a dash of flippancy is ten times more apt to win than his rival, who, taking himself too seriously, woos with the air of one taking part in a competitive examination.

So, to a certain extent, is it with books and the public. That is the reason why even the best dictionary does not become a popular craze, though it contains all the most beautiful words in the language.

The author has been advised often enough to take himself more seriously. But he has been afraid that, if he did, the public would not take him at all. Do not imagine, therefore, that the author could not write a "Paradise Lost" if he really tried. (It will require no use of the imagination.)

T. H.

New York, September 1st, 1898.

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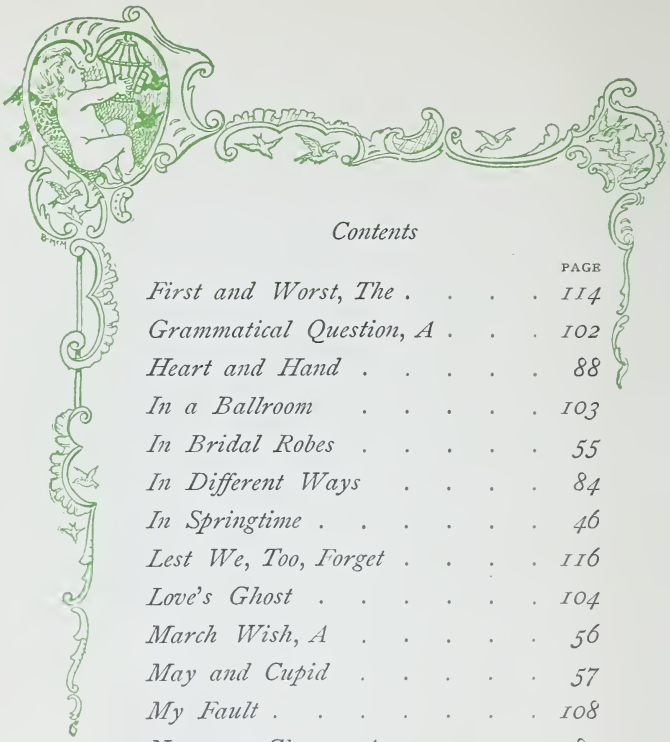

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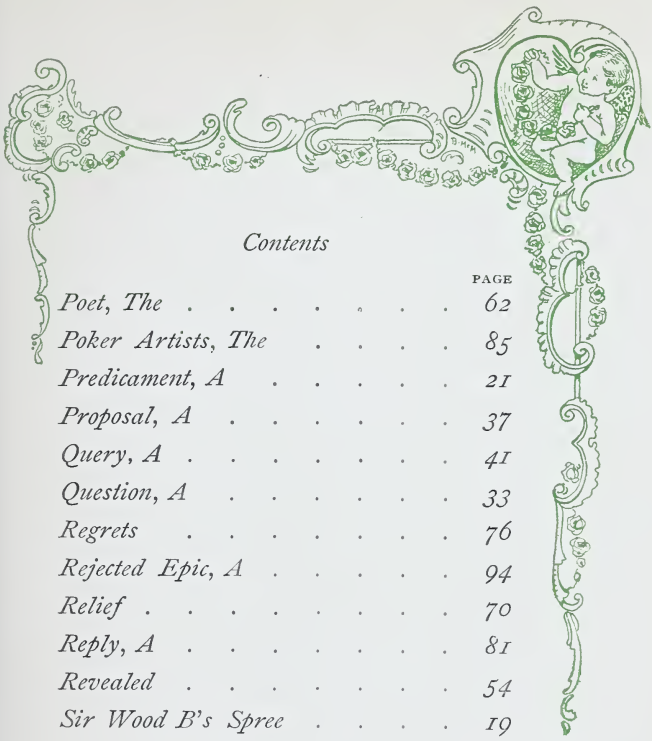

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WHEN CUPID CALLS

A MULTIPLICATION TABLE

WICE as white
Is your throat to-night
As feathers from angel wings;
Three times blue
Are those eyes that you
Can use to say such things.

Four times red
Are your cheeks, 'tis said,
As a blood-rose dipped in dew;
Five times fair
Is your wavy hair
With its delicate golden hue.

Six times sad,
Nay, almost mad,
Are gallants seven times eight;
And nine times all
Are yet to fall
At your feet and learn their fate.

So here I sigh,
As the hours pass by,
Till the blue hills hide the sun;
And wonder, Miss,
Why you can't be this:
Once, ever and aye, for one!

THE SENSIBLE VS. THE SENTIMENTAL

HESE poets take their fancy far;
Now I am fond of posies,
But like your cheeks just as they are;
I would not have them roses.

If your sweet lips were cherries red,
There'd be a something missing,
When you and I in love were wed
And spent our hours in kissing.

I would not have your eyes twin stars;
'Twould take too long a day
To get to them. Electric cars
Don't thread the Milky Way.

Your smile is just like any girl's;
An angel's we ne'er see.
And if your teeth were really pearls,
Around your neck they'd be.

No dainty and rose-tinted shell
Can hear by half as far
As your two ears. So, truth to tell,
I want you as you are.

A REPROACH

OU call it a summer flirtation,
This little affair of our hearts.
To you it was exhilaration,
Some practice, my dear, for your arts.

To you 'tis the joke of a summer,
A mock imitation of love;
And Cupid's a mime or a mummer
To be cast aside like your glove.

To you 'tis the least of romances;
To me 'tis the proof of your guile.
You don't know the power of your glances;
You don't know the death in your smile.

AN ANALYSIS

ILIES and old point lace,
Diamonds set as a star,
O'er all an angel face—
My sweet, that's what you are.

Pride of a purse-proud line,
Kings of the court of gold,
Deeming themselves, in fine,
Made from a special mould.

Soul? 'Tis a word unknown
To you, as well as them;
Heart? 'Tis a piece of stone
Not valued as a gem.

Yes; that is all you are—
Lilies and old point lace;
Diamonds set as a star,
And o'er all an angel face.

AFTER THE BALL

'TWAS a Louis Quatorze
And she was the famed
Maintenon ;
And we won our fair share
of applause,
For she danced with the grace of
a fawn.

And, just like my namesake of old,
I drew her apart from the rest
Where the moonlight was turning to
gold
The worst of the town and the best.

And when we came back, on her face
Grew a blush that was fair as a rose,
And a new and more angelic grace
Seemed to fill the famed Maintenon
clothes.

And I looked like a king, so they said;
But 'twas more than mere costumer's art,
For she'd given her promise to wed,
And I knew I was king of her heart.

THE REASON

OU ask me why this rose has bloomed?
Because my lady kissed it.
To what sad fate 'twould have been doomed
If her fair lips had missed it!

She wears it on her snowy breast—
A red heart, to my seeming,
That fills my slumber with unrest—
The vision of my dreaming.

It would have been a blighted bud
If her fair lips had missed it;
But it is filled with my heart's blood,
Because my lady kissed it.

FANCY

MISS NANCY, seated on the grass,
Thought she espied Dan Cupid;
And trembled lest the god should pass,
She found her life so stupid.

The youth came on. He wandered by
Full merrily a-singing,
With roguish laughter in his eye,
His lips mad rhymes a-stringing.

"Come back, Dan Cupid; come, you must.
Who are you?" cried Miss Nancy.
The laughing youth said, "O, I'm just
A little passing Fancy."

PROOF POSITIVE

ER cheeks are red, her eyes aflame,
And her lips have a curious twist;
She's hanging her head as though with shame,
And I think that she's been kissed.

One big puff sleeve is pressed quite flat;
There's a small red mark on her wrist;
There's a singular tilt to her turban hat;
And I think that she's been kissed.

So, Cupid, get your ledger and pen,
And put one more on the list;
It's the proper thing to do, sir, when
Another girl's been kissed.

IN CUPID'S COURT

"He who hesitates is lost."
Thus the ancient saying ran.
Wandering far or tempest-tossed,
Men have learned it to their cost
Ever since the world began.

In the Court of Cupid, though,
Be it light of moon or sun,
Be the future weal or woe,
While Sir Plume is bending low,
She who hesitates is won.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

IF ripe red lips were tempting,
And you and she—just two—
Were one armchair pre-empting,
Pray tell me what you'd do!

Your arm would steal around her;
You'd whisper, "This is bliss."
And you would not astound her
If you should steal a kiss.

If she were at the portal
And you were passing through,
Pray tell me, if you're mortal,
How you would say, "Adieu!"

If she were in the shadow
And you were at the door,
You'd be a timid lad, O,
If you'd not take one more.

A SERENADE

CLOSE not thine eyes in slumber;
The moon's above the mill,
And small stars without number
Are creeping o'er the hill.

And they are all complaining
For sight of thy bright eyes;
Without it they are waning
And dying in the skies.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

MY lady wants a valentine—
And wants it wondrous fair—
To equal, quite, her eyes divine
In beauty, and her hair.

And it must picture roses, red
As those that paint her lips;
And lilies to those roses wed
From chin to finger-tips.

But how can I, with faltering verse,
Do justice to such theme?
With stubborn rhyme, with metre worse,
The task doth hopeless seem.

But nymphs and graces all attend;
What charms can e'er surpass
Their own reflection? None! I'll send
My love a looking-glass.

A CIRCUMNAVIGATION

"BUT all the world between us,"
Quite vexed, my lady cried.
I did, and a stone Venus
Exclaimed, "You're side by side."

SIR WOOD B.'S SPREE

"'VE been drinking?" Yes,
I fear it,
Or it's something very
near it.
Say, old chappie, why do women like
to loiter at the door,
When a fellow's bent on going,
And his every action showing
That he fears her mother's listening
from the fatal second floor.

I've been drinking. Yes I own it.
Faith I own her. Don't condone it.
I was quite intoxicated. Would that
answer with the court?
We were just within the shadow,
Made by moonlight, soft and sad, O,
And you know a little gallantry has
always been my forte.

I've been drinking. Not of liquor,
But of something that goes quicker
To a dunce's cerebellum and a coward's quaking heart.
'Twas the wine of ruby lips, sir,
The champagne that Cupid sips, sir;
And they'll soon announce the wedding
of Sir Wood B. Bachelor, Bart.

A PREDICAMENT

THERE is great news from France.
I can tell at a glance,
Yes, hoop skirts, my dear,
will be worn in the dance;
But pray do you know
How a latter-day beau
Can dance with a girl who is hedged about so?
My Caroline
In crinoline?
O, no!

With an odor of scent
And a smile of content
Each maid will appear like a small circus tent.
Where's an old beau to teach?
Bring him here, I beseech,
To explain how you waltz, with a girl you can't reach.
My Caroline
In crinoline?
No, no!

THE SWEETER KIND

ESPLENDENT in her old brocade,
In cosy arm-chair sitting,
Her Aunt Propriety (old maid)
Is busy with her knitting.
And Nell is there and I am here—
What mortal would not wish us
A decent chance to engineer
A kiss that's surreptitious?

We talk of this and laugh at that,
Just like old-fashioned courting;
While back there, where I wish we sat,
Young Cupid is cavorting.
Nell's lips are little curves of red
And oh, they are delicious!
By ginger! I would risk my head
For kisses surreptitious!

I rise and take another chair,
It happens to be nearer;
But now dear aunty seems to stare
To make her vision clearer.
By accident Nell drops her fan,
And I am quite officious
Returning it—perhaps I can
Steal kisses surreptitious.

But, no! I miss her by an inch!
Confound such proper spooning!
Yet, I remember, at a pinch
Nell's very good at swooning.
And swoon she does. While for her salts
Goes aunty—both malicious—
We steal three measures of a waltz
And kisses surreptitious.

THE TIN-TYPE

TEN years since we stood there together,
In the country photographer's tent;
Ten years, and I hardly know whether
To laugh or lament.
I had then of sweethearts a plenty,
Though not much of the world had I seen,
For I was a youngster of twenty
And you were a girl of sixteen.

In serio-comic flirtation
We were taken together like this.
'Twas a freak of two fools in vacation
To wish a tin-type of a kiss.
Just a little bit bold, I am thinking;
A prank you'd not care to repeat;
I still see the photographer winking
As he said, "Well, by Gosh!' I'll be beat."

I remember I promised that "never—"
With my hand on my pitiless heart,
"Another's bold glances should ever
Profane this rude sample of art."
In a year I'd forgotten about it;
In two I'd stopped thinking of you.
Did you care or despair? Well I doubt it;
And if you shed tears they were few.

To-day I attended your wedding;
'Twas the first time I'd seen you in years,
And if there's to be any shedding
Of saline and copious tears
Those tears will be mine. For 'twas Venus
Herself that walked up the broad aisle—
Not you—though there fluttered between us
Just one wan, weird ghost of a smile.

I blushed more than you did, I own it,
And my heart shrank with singular pain.
Ah me, if I only had known it
In time to have won you again!
Too late. You had knelt at the altar.
Too late. You had whispered, "I will,"
While I hoped you would faint or would falter,
That there might be a chance for me still.

Ah, I'd take a keen joy now in sending
This tin-type to him you had wed—
In Paris you're quietly spending
Your honeymoon, so it is said—
But no; though it cost me a measure
Of pain, 'tis the right thing to do,
Lest it cost you one moment of pleasure,
I'll send it to you.

AN AFTER-DINNER SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

"SING Ho, for the holly,"
So bright and so jolly;
And "Ho, for the ever-
green clustered about."
Sing "Ho, for King Christmas,"
From North Pole to Isthmus
He's put all the Care-Devil army to rout.

Sing "Ho, for the wassail,"
Ye gallants a-jostle;
And drink to the health of each ruby-
lipped lass.
"Sing ho, the Perfecto,"
Havana delecto,
And take a last sip of the brown demi-tasse.

Now sing "Ho the ladies."
Their short promenade is
At end. They are waiting impatiently now.
And all the fair misses,
With longing for kisses,
Are crying "Sing Ho, for the mistletoe bough."

THEY DID NOT SPEAK

NO jewel crowned her shapely head,
Her hair disclosed no flower;
No palfrey by her hand was led;
No gallant sought her bower.

Her eyes shone not, each like a gem;
Her cheeks disclosed no rose;
No heavy golden diadem
Kept sunburn from her nose.

She was a simple rustic lass
Who wore nor shoes nor glove—
And that is why he let her pass
And never thought of love.

TO CUPID

ON with the new love, Cupid boy,
Forget the d r e a r, old past.
We want all joy, without alloy.
And this love not the last.

À bas the love that's seldom seen
And eke the love incessant.
Give us the love that's evergreen—
The love that's a Christmas present.

A QUESTION

THIS question is what I propose—
A piece of learning,
A knowledge that no scholar knows,
For which I'm yearning.

(Now you may be well taught and learned,
Still, wisdom bless us!)
Why is it that when love's returned
It is most precious?

PHILOSOPHY

" *IS the end of our summer flirtation,"*
You say—this last walk by the sea.
I, who gave you my soul's adoration,
May live broken-hearted but free.

Well, I've heard of such things. But at college
A fellow holds girls rather cheap.
I fancy the fact is our knowledge
Is not so confoundedly deep.

But good-bye. I don't think I have blundered
In telling mamma—she'll explain
To papa—and he'll send me five hundred,
To get my heart patched up again.

FIN DE SAISON

EAST spring you were a trifle green,
A slim young thing, too young, too weak;
But now you're plump as any quean,
The red of autumn's tinged your cheek.

There's twinkling starlight in your eye,
And holy lilies on your breast;
And in your heart a love that I
Must mention with a mad unrest.

Last spring you were a modest maid
In lightest pinks and whites and yellows.
You're now a red-clad romping jade,
And what is worse, another fellow's.

A PROPOSAL

THEY tell me, Miss, that you're the girl
That broke all the hearts in Paris;
That made such a singular social swirl
And yet found none to marry.

The Knight, the Baron, My Lord, the Duke,
Were none of them to your liking.
You gave them all rebuff, rebuke,
While dancing, driving, biking.

Well, naught care I for your triumphs galore,
Your dower, or power, or pelf.
I'm simply a clerk in a dry-goods store
And I offer you, Miss, myself.

THE AWAKENING

UPON her maiden lips a kiss
Fell like a flying star;
And bliss was added unto bliss
In firmaments afar.
An angel choir above the mist
Let their full chorus roll,
For there was added to the list
One more awakened soul.

WORSE AND MORE OF IT

WHEN I found out she had received
My rival, I felt churlish,
And asked her in a tone most grieved
If he had not seemed girlish.

"Well, not exactly like a girl,"
Thus answered me, my dear one,
As she brushed back a saucy curl,
"But he was rather near one."

VOYAGE AND RETURN

ANCY led my soul to-day
To an island far away
Where the day was always morn,
Where the year was always spring,
Where no fearful thought was born
Of ills that sad to-morrows bring.

All the land was bright with flowers,
Time, there, marked no fleeting hours;
Sweet music floated on the air
And banished there were care and pain.
But ah, my sweet, you were not there,
And Love has led me back again!

A QUERY

WE met for some unknown design,
And walked a little while together;
We drank love's bitter blood-red wine,
And scorned life's wintry weather.

To-day the sun is bright and high,
The flowers are blooming, birds are singing;
But where are you—and why am I
Not to your white breast winging?

A WISH

LOVE, you are in the sun
And I am in the snow—
Though you and I are one
Where'er we be or go;
But oh, for the wings to follow
The southward flight of the swallow
Swift or slow!

Love, you are red and warm
In the tropic's torrid glow,
While I in northern storm
Must seek our weal or woe;
But oh, for the wings to follow
The southward flight of the swallow,
Swift or slow!

THE COMMONPLACE GIRL

FOR you no lily's lustre,
For you no gorgeous gem;
For you no brilliant cluster
Of long-adoring men.

For you but duty's doing,
As sister, mother, wife.
For you but simplest wooing,—
For you but death and life.

A BREATH OF SPRING

THERE stole into my room to-day
A little breath of spring,
A premonition of the May
And sweets that May will bring.

It was a burst of woman's song,
Eight little bligthesome bars—
A song that speeds the world along
Its pathway in the stars.

It bade my heart be brave and gay,
It made my soul serene;
It spurred me on by labor's way—
This spring song by my queen.

TO A VICTIM

CLAD in your lilies and laces,
Fair as the flower at your throat,
Smiling away all the traces
Of anguish you felt at his note,

Who could think your heart was broken?
Who could see under your smile
The anguish that lies there unspoken
While shrewd guessing rivals revile?

Ah! you were the rose of the by-way
He plucked in an indolent hour,
To be thrown to the winds on the highway
Where men struggle only for power.

IN SPRINGTIME

AWAY go winter snows,
The bees about the rose,
The sun and showers
Are feeding flowers,
As rare as long ago's.

The breath of balmy spring,
Is over everything,
And oh, sweetheart
Would we could part
From sorrow, wing and wing.

THE DEBUTANTE

RESH with the glory of an opening rose,
Sweet with faint perfumes, like a flowered vale—
At the first page, intent to read the tale
Of human love in poetry or prose,
With keen delight and yet with calm repose,
How strong may be your heart and ah, how frail?
What love can it receive and what exhale?
Can it survive sore wounds? Alas, God knows!

Yours, Beauty, is the common fate of all,
To-day an angel robed in spotless white;
To-morrow all that Eve was at the fall.
Struggling with us to stumble through the night—
Facing a fate that might a saint appall,
And dimly dreaming what is wrong or right.

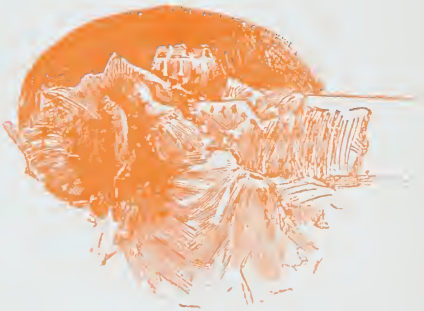
WHICH SHALL IT BE?

HE old wind blows to the mountain,
The young wind blows to the sea;
The one loves the old,
Grim guarders of gold,
The other loves to be free.

One flees to its home in the forest,
Where the night-capped mountains sleep;
And one loves to sail,
With the growl of the gale,
To the fair lands over the deep.

Ah! which shall it be with you, my heart?—
Home to your peaceful bed,
Where the wind's lullaby,
Like a young mother's sigh,
Sings low to the sleeping dead?

Or, fain would you seek, in the storms
of life,
Some haven you know not of,
Where naught shall be wrong
And the whole world's throng
Shall dream but the dreams of love!



UNFORGOTTEN

H, stars of old!
Oh, stars of gold,
What did ye there the cloud above?
Beyond the cloud,
Ye wove the shroud,
The lilac shroud of dying love.

Oh, nights of old!
Oh, nights of gold!
Oh, nights we never can regret,
Though love is lost,
And life star-crossed,
Oh, star-strewn nights, we'll ne'er forget!

OLD LOVE REMEMBERED

HE first red leaves of autumn
Seem to say that I must go
From the fields, where I have sought them,
From the flower land to the snow.

The first cold kiss I gather,
From your lips of carmine hue,
Seems to say that you would rather
I would not pretend to you.

The first white snow-flake falling
On the humble daisy's bed
Seems to say that Love is calling
From the living to the dead.

REVEALED

NOW in mine ears I heard her song.
Soft on my lips I felt her kiss.
And I had dreamed a whole life long
Were mine, with happiness like this.

My dream was one of woman's love,
Of children laughing at their play;
With not one threatening cloud above
A long, contented, happy day.

Oh, foolish dream! Oh, dreaming fool!
My head I bow—I see the trend
Of God's stern ways. I've learned the rule.
His voices cry: "The end—The end!"

IN BRIDAL ROBES

HEY clad her in white for her life,
For her life, not her death, as a wife—
And now in that room,
In that silence of gloom,
In the white spectral light
Of the dead moon at night,
In those robes she lies clad
Of the bride that I had,
Of the bride that was mine,
Of the woman divine
Who in silk and lace dressed,
To my breast I once pressed—
Yes, now in the robes that she wore when we wed,
They have dressed her again to be bride of the dead.

A MARCH WISH

FOR the lilting song of the lark,
O for a clear blue sky;
O to hear my soul say
"Hark,
There is the lark on high!"

O for an end to the snow and sleet,
To wind and rain on the roof,
To the clangor and cries of the city street,
And the haunts of the cloven hoof.

O for a balmy, breezy day,
With naught for the ear and eye
But a lark in a field that is kissed by May
And set in an azure sky.

MAY AND CUPID

AID the maiden of the year,
Pretty May,
As she dropped a little tear
By the way,
"I'm all sunshine and all flowers,
Tete-a-tetes in shady bowers,
Making love in ruined towers
Every day."

"I would be the month of deeds,"
Said sweet May,
"Deeds that all the whole world heeds—
That I say."
Then a voice not near nor far,
Answered: "May, that's what you are,
Month of love with flower-decked car
You shall stay."

THE SURF ON THE BEACH

HE lake has its lilies all yellow and white,
And the stars like gold lily-pods dot it at night.
There's an atmosphere to it of placid content,
And its luring, though languid, is always well meant.
But to tired folks from town,
Who come hurriedly down,
There's naught in the world half as pleasant to each
As the roar, the retreat, the return, and the reach
Of the surf on the beach.

The brook has a bright merry song
of its own,
That it sings all aloud as it springs
all alone.
It hears all the secrets of whispering
trees
And scatters them broadcast on each
vagrant breeze.
But to tired folks from town,
Who come hurriedly down,
There's naught in the world half as
pleasant to each
As the roar, the retreat, the return,
and the reach
Of the surf on the beach.

AT THE TICK OF THE CLOCK

VERY minute, every minute
Has the whole of living in it.
Some one's crying,
Some one's born.
Some one's dying,
Old and worn.
Some one's laughing,
Some one's fed.
Some one's chaffing,
Some one's dead.
Some one's hearing
Love confessed.
Some one's jeering
Some one's jest.
Some one's sorry
Some one's glad.
Some one's worry
Drives him mad.
Every minute, every minute.
Has the whole of living in it.

THE POET

YOU wrought God's secret in in a way
That made men pause and wonder;
That made frail women kneel and pray;
That tore slaves' bonds asunder.

You did your work, Shade of the Past,
And victim of your glory,
Unpaid, half fed, but crowned at last
With wonder at your story.

WHO KNOWS?

WHEN comes that day of swift surprise,
When Death throws wide his bolted bars,
When night, eternal, blinds our eyes,
Oh! shall we still behold the stars?

THREE CONTRADICTIONS

"UNCERTAIN, coy, and hard to please"
You may be, Woman, almost ever;
But certes in our hours of ease
You are most passing clever.

The maxim "Find the woman" seems
To be a foolish plan in trouble.
"Get rid of her" a wise man deems
A better—lest you'd trouble double.

Out on the poet, ranting fool
Who could not make his verse read truer.
With Woman, here's the better rule:
"We first embrace, then pity, then endure."

A WARNING

THERE'S some trouble now that's hatching,
And some fun that you have missed;
And I tell you kissing's catching,
But, pray, don't be caught when kissed.

There's a dainty little maiden
Sent to bed by her mamma;
There's a youth with learning laden
Who's been cuffed by his papa.

There's a lengthy consultation
That is held upon their plight,
And their little osculation
Has been all the fun to-night.

It was just behind the curtain
While the orchestra played low.
(Of the fact I am most certain,
For her mother told me so.)

They had finished then their dancing,
And he looked so strong and brave,
And she looked so quite entrancing
When the little kiss she gave;

But right near them were conversing,
Papa, mamma, unafraid,
Widow, widower, rehearsing
The same trick the youngsters played.

So with double pairs a-matching,
And with Cupid to assist,
They can tell you kissing's catching—
But, pray, don't be caught when kissed.

A TOAST

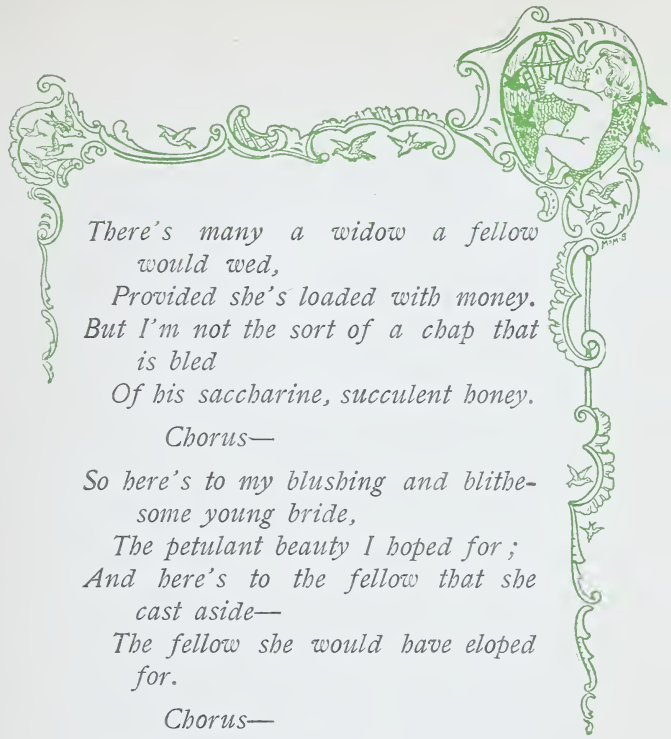
Y love is a lassie of lovely nineteen
And I am a bachelor of fifty.
No handsome young fellow can come in between,
For I have been thoughtful and thrifty.

Chorus—

I'm quite at ease,
Laugh as you please—
I'll warrant I'm proof against death or disease.

She may think I am doomed to an earlier grave
Than she, with her blushes and beauty;
But I shall continue to scrimp and to save,
I think it a matter of duty.

Chorus—



There's many a widow a fellow would wed,
Provided she's loaded with money.
But I'm not the sort of a chap that is bled
Of his saccharine, succulent honey.

Chorus—

So here's to my blushing and blithesome young bride,
The petulant beauty I hoped for;
And here's to the fellow that she cast aside—
The fellow she would have eloped for.

Chorus—

I'm quite at ease,
Laugh as you please—
I'll warrant I'm proof against death or disease.

RELIEF

AT last (thank the Church and kind Heaven!) it's Lent.
My bank account's gone and my money all spent.
At last, quite alone, o'er the city I roam
And leave Arabella a-sighing at home.

Six weeks now to save—nay, I do not impute
Saving souls, but to save for a proper Spring suit.
Six weeks to repent—of some words I have spoken.
Six weeks now to pray—that the bond may be broken.

Boy Cupid, Young Dan, I implore you, forsooth,
Attract her young heart to some church-going youth.
There's just time enough ere the coming of Spring—
And suggest — er — ahem — her returning my ring.

UNHAPPY

LD Moneybags is eyeing me
With apoplectic frown,
A holiday denying me—
And my best girl's in town.

My heart is going pitty-pat
And bobbing up and down,
Like any nervous kitty-cat—
For my best girl's in town.

And in these credits sad mistakes
I make, just like a clown.
With debits I play ducks and drakes—
For my best girl's in town.

A PEERLESS MAID

ONLY saw her sweet back hair,
But still I know no fairer maiden
E'er sat upon a parquet chair,
With lilies, lace and jewels laden.

Last night it was, and at the play—
The first I'd seen in all my life;
Erstwhile girls' hats were in the way,
With feathers, birds and ribbons rife.

A tasteful coiffure did she wear;
To fellow man she knew her duty.
I only saw her sweet back hair,
But I will swear she was a beauty.

O, angels of the ambient air,
Recording deeds of love! put that on;
I only saw her sweet back hair,
But she, so peerless, had no hat on.

AN AFFAIR

HEIR minds were intent on
"powder" and "ball,"
And they made preparation with care;
But never a fear made them shiver at all
Or lifted in terror their hair.

Were they two duellists waiting the fray
That would send them to Heaven or Hades?
Were they two gallants who thought it quite gay
To go out and fight for the ladies?

Were they two rivals with purpose confessed—
Nay, let this surmising stop.
They were two girls getting skilfully dressed
For the gay season's most select hop.

REGRETS

WHEN I remember all the girls
That in my life I've kissed,
And all the opportunities
For kissing that I've missed,

It makes my soul feel very sore,
It fills my heart with pain;
I'd never lose a single chance
If I could live again.

CUPID'S CLERK

THEY say there's a servant
to Cupid,
Whose duty it is to keep
track
Of the number of kisses
That Misters and Misses
Are giving each other. Ker-smack!

As a dutiful man who is married,
I think that he ought to find time,
This keeper of blisses,
To also watch Mrs. ———
You may fit any name to the rhyme.

BY HER RIVAL

SHE'S a girl of address—
(Now my tale is begun)
She's not happy, I guess,
But I know her address,
So I'll have lots of fun.
She's a girl of a dress,
For she has only one.
(Now my tale is quite done.)

AN OPPORTUNITY

YOUNG ladies, when you
chanced to weep,
If all the little tears
Should turn to pearls, now
would you keep
Them all, my pretty dears?

Or would you give them to the man
You promised to obey?
For if you would, all of you can
Wed me, and weep all day.

A REPLY

YOU ask me, darling girl, if I,
Should you refuse me,
Would take some weapon grim and die?
Well, you amuse me.

I'd live to learn from him you chose,
That other fellow,
And from his life, "couleur de rose,"
Or sickly yellow,

What mine had been, what I'd have done
Had you been kinder;
Had the good parson made us one,
And love been blinder.

SPRING POETRY

NOW the gentle Spring hath come,
And the bards begin to hum,
In many metred verse, of "trees" and "breeze."
(Which was written in their rooms,
To make slight financial booms,
And when rhymes that were more apt were "wheeze" and "sneeze.")

By the grace of patent "powers,"
We shall hear of "showers," "flowers," "bowers,"
And "heart so true" will still be rhymed with "you";
"Her blush" will bring a "flush,"
Ex-necessitate "hush"
And lovers, you can bet, will "coo" and "woo."

Oh, would some learned sage,
In a literary rage,
Change our language so that we could
have new rhymes!
'Twould save full many a life,
It might make full many a wife,
And even might reform these awful
times.

IN DIFFERENT WAYS

HEN Simpkinsduff tried to propose
And prove his love devout,
The maiden, Flintley's daughter Rose,
Most kindly helped him out.

She whispered "Yes," began to sing
"I'm thine to all intents,"
And ordered an engagement ring
From Tiff's at his expense.

But when he asked her father dear,
Papa forgot his gout,
And roughly grabbed him by the ear
And gruffly "helped him out."

THE POKER ARTISTS

IN a little back room at our club
Most skillfully (ah, there's the rub!)
We practise the arts,
Spades, clubs, diamonds and hearts,
We try to see which we can "draw."

With the room in a general hush,
Sans palette or pencil or brush,
With a very free "hand"
And a smile that is bland,
We try to see what we can "draw."

Our artists draw curious things—
Draw "ladies" and "bullets" and "kings."
And, sometimes, to "bluff"
We pile up the "stuff"
When we've failed to improve in the "draw."

Most inquisitive artists are we,
And often pay dearly to "see"
What we wish we had not,
When we're lacking a spot
In the thing we've attempted to "draw."

And sometimes we go home "dead broke,"
Or put our repeater in "soak."
And sometimes, also,
We take all the "dough,"
And then upon "velvet" we "draw."

A NECESSARY CHANGE

HAT is home without a mother?''
Tear the dear old motto down;
In its place hang quite another,
Stitched in worsted, framed in brown.

There's another woman—dearer,
Harder far to keep and please;
And some day that's coming nearer
We'll adore her on our knees.

While sobs choke your epiglottis,
Far the dear old legend hurl;
Hang another, namely: ''What is
Home without a servant girl?''

HEART AND HAND

HAD a friend, a dear good friend,
Who owned a clothing store.
I chose a suit and said, "Please send
The same and charge my score."
He answered, "Ah; I understand;"
I turned then to depart,
When he gave me a grip of his large glad hand
And—showed me the marble heart.

An actor owed me dollars ten,
And I had been broke a week.
The ghost had walked for him just then—
Just as I chanced to speak
Of my poverty, in a tone most bland,
With some praises of his art;
The actor gave me the large glad hand
And showed me the marble heart.

I loved a girl with cheeks of pink ;
She wore my diamond ring.
And oh, she loved me!—I don't think—
And never did a thing
To me, when I proposed so grand,
But say that we must part.
She wouldn't give me her small glad hand,
But she showed me the marble heart.

THE BELLS

(*Abridged and amended.*)

EAR the sledges with their bells,
Silver bells,
About which Mr. Poe so gaily tells.
I could curse their tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,
For my heart they over$prinkle
With the chilliness of spite;
For Augustus Montmorency Clifford Havemeyer White
Has had the gall to take my girl to ride with him to-night.

Oh, Augustus, if I had you where the hair is rather short,
Montmorency, if I had you thus there'd be a legal tort;
Oh, Clifford, if I caught you in some dark and lonely place,
Then, Havemeyer, you'd be the last of all your lordly race?
I'd draw my trusty cutter, and I'd give my vengeance rein,
And they'd catalogue your carcass, White, among the unknown slain!

THE OLD SONG

I CANNOT pay the old V
You loaned long years ago.
I can't bring back the umbrellee
That caused your tears to flow.
But I still will sing the old song—
Though it may cause you pain—
I still will sing the old song:
Will you lend a V again?

A REJECTED EPIC

THE CHAUNCIAD

(Offered by the Shade of Alexander Pope to the New York "Herald" in competition for $1,000 Prize.)

BELOVED Muse, rise glorious to my theme,
That I thereby may win th' "Her'ld's" esteem.
I do not seek the length of largest tome,
I merely wish to write a narr'tive pome.
Give me your guide, nor reck me real renown,
I seek to sing great Chauncey of our town.
I plead to praise our undeterminate Doc,
Who wins his way with after-dinner talk;
The greatest of our ultra pop'lar men—
Some angel guide the labor of my pen!

Once was he born, and born while yet a lad,
Nor did he die, else had been mortals sad.
He lived a lusty lunged and lordly boy,
His comrades' chieftain and his parents' joy.
He played with girls, but eke a bach remained,
Of purpose upright and esteem unstained.
He grew apace as he ate pies apiece
And learned the lays of regal Rome and Greece.

To college went he in his later 'teens,
A youth of plenty 'midst sophomoric scenes,
Though he did keep his scudi safe and sound,
And 'gan, through learning, to be most renowned.

Drank he the pristine, pure, Pierian spring,
Yet made reft rafters with his laughter ring.
Eke he began to jolly fellow-men,
As Hood did melancholy with his pen.
At length he took his coveted degree
And went forth in the world an LL.D.

Prepared now for prosp'rous business life,
He sailed with silly sallies to the strife;
Plebeians laughed, prætorians guffawed,
And ever after all of us hee-hawed.
He cultivated an extensive smile
That reached from end to end a half-a-mile;
Became in time, without suspic'n of guilt,
The pres'dent of the lines that Vander built;

And ever since has speaked and spoked and speeched
On all occasions when the e a g l e screeched;
And always when old Eli's sons give meals
We hear his version of their woes and weals!

To-day, admiring all intent are bent
On making him our next new president.
Some there may be who scoff at him and laugh,
And fill their journals with cheap, churlish chaff.
But most are people who prefer their fawncies—
Elect or e'en eject, they'll take their Chauncies.

TWO GIRLS

AID one girl to another,
"Pooh! you are tailor-made.
And likewise is your mother
In all her silks arrayed."

"Perhaps," replied the latter,
With a cutting little smile,
"You were fashioned by a hatter,—
You're a stove-pipe as to style."

THE STREET LAMPS

HE stars are in the streets to-night,
The rain is on the roof;
And, galloping in height of might,
The wind is on the hoof.

The stars are in the streets to-night;
But they're not stars of love;
And they'll not guide the sinner right,
Like God's own stars above.

The stars are in the streets to-night,
The clouds above are black;
But wait, the stars of God so bright
Will surely all come back.

THE SOCIETY GIRL

IN Winter she is pale
As the snow,
For she's ever, without fail,
On the go.
For the dinners and the dance
Steal the glitter from her glance,
And leave her with a visage full
of woe.

But the Summer and the Fall
Bring a change,
That is wonderful, that's all,
And quite strange.
Then her cheeks take ruddy tints,
In her eye a diamond glints,
And her laugh is happiness
throughout its range.

A GRAMMATICAL QUESTION

THERE *is something amiss*
With the grammar of kiss.
The fact I proclaim from
the house-top. 'Tis this:
A word-slinging cuss
Says a kiss is a "buss."
Now a question I twist—
Quite sincerely, I trust—
When a girl has been kissed,
Has she also been bust?

IN A BALLROOM

MEN have come here from the strife of the "street,"
To kneel at your feet.

Men have come here from the struggle for place,
To gaze at your face.

Men have come here—ah yes, thousands of miles,
For one of your smiles.

Men have come here at their own dearest choice,
To list to your voice.

Men have come here for their lesson in woe,
To hear you say "No."

Is there one here—may I hazard a guess—
Who shall hear you say "Yes"?

LOVE'S GHOST

YOU may sneer at thought of spirit,
Or of ghost, or aught that's near it,
But I fear it—ah, I fear it,
And it haunts me everywhere.
See—those eyes awake with wonder
As her heart first learned its blunder
And we tore our souls asunder—
See the long dishevelled hair.

'Tis the ghost of love that haunts me,
'Tis her mocking smile that taunts me,
'Tis her look of hate that daunts me,
'Tis the ghost of love that's dead.
Nevermore shall I behold her,
Or in timid arms enfold her,
Or, with rapture growing bolder,
Rain my kisses on her head.

For this ghost it is of my love,
And she cannot hear my cry: "Love,
Still be with me till we die, Love!"
Though her love is living still.
She has only locked and chained it;
Into silence she has trained it
Till the world thinks she disdained it,
And applauds her woman's will.

FACT VS. FANCY

WHAT, tell me the rivers come
from the rain?
There isn't rain enough.
Tell me they come with that
soft refrain
From that glacial powder puff?

Nonsense; rivers are angels' tears
Shed at the sins of man.
(Millions a minute, the preacher
fears,)
But he can't count them up—who
can?

So, let us wait on the sea-washed sand
Till the dim dusk flees to the light;
Then we shall hear the sobs of the band
Of angels who weep at night.

THE FIRST DEAD

NTO the pearly mists of space
The first dead sought his way;
And, coming upon the Master's face,
Knelt down, abashed, to pray.

"Rise up," the Master quickly spake,
"World-child, and the world's first slain,
And tell me: if you had choice to take,
Say, would you live again?"

Eagerly answered the first wan shade:
"Joy have I known and pain;
But life is heaven—when so it's made.
Yes, I would live again."

"And what would you be," the Master cried,
"Child, man, or maid, or wife?"
"Anything," answered the first who died,
"So I may have sweet life."

MY FAULT

I LOVED a sweet and winsome maid
Of very high degree,
And unto Cupid oft I prayed
To win the maid for me.

He failed; I found him in his lair,
Asleep, with idle bow.
"You lazy scamp," I cried, "I swear
You aim too high or low.

You aim, I fancy, at her feet,
Or yet up to the sky."
Said Cupid, with reply most neat,
"'Tis you that aim too high."

SUNSET

LO, the sun lies down to rest
In his bed—
In his pillows, all like billows
Turned to red.
And his arms, like pinkish bars,
Seem to reach up to the stars,
And to light them ere the West
Hides his head.

WHEN IN LOVE

IN love it would be very well,
We do attest and eke agree us,
If we could but forget oursel'
And "See oursel's as ithers see us."

But it is well, and none say nay,
In love—oh yes, 'tis very well—
That others, when they glance our way,
Don't see us as we "see oursel'."

BUTTERNUTS

SING of the nut that is
King of them all,
And the tree that it grows
on, so stately and tall.
Let its fame be revered, let its name
be renowned:
Butternuts!
Better nuts
Never were found.

They're hardest to crack,
And they're hardest to pick.
Your fingers get black—
Eat too many, you're sick.
They're ragged and rough, and they're
not very round:
Butternuts!
Better nuts
Never were found.

Their meat is the whitest,
Their flavor's divine,
Their kernel's the lightest
E'er washed down by wine.
Ah, Butternut, you shall be King of Nuts crowned:
Butternuts!
Better nuts
Never were found.

THE FIRST AND WORST

ADAM, in but one sense Eve tempted thee:
Her very innocence begat desire,
Thine infamous flames fanned into furious fire
That frightened her, and made her fear to see.
Eve was no temptress, for she could not be,
Save she was beautiful, with beauty dire,
And innocent at Innocence's pyre,
And fled thee not when God proclaimed His ire.

Oh coward father, first and worst of all!
Oh liar, see the crop sprung from thy seed!
And then behold man's heraldry of shame!
Yea, till to-day, thy sons repeat the call
Of shame on Eve, guiltless of the deed,
And give all honor to thy cursed name.

LEST WE, TOO, FORGET

YE, let our eagle soar on high
And scream exultant there—
The monarch of the Western sky,
The emperor of the air.

Let him have liberty to roam
North, South, and East or West;
But let him not forget that home
Is the first place and best.

Let him exultant be and proud;
But, as he wings his way,
Let him forget, above the cloud,
That he is a bird of prey.

A THEORY

ISE man, tell me, what are the stars?
Now, none of your science bluster.
I want the knowledge that breaks the bars,
Walks in and picks a cluster.

What! You don't know? Then I'll tell you,
If you'll bend your head and listen:
They're the souls of the dead. You've lost a few;
I can see your old eyes glisten.

All through the night they watch the world,
For the night is when we need them;
All through the day in their beds they're curled;
(But I wonder when they feed them).

Yes, they are the millions and billions
of dead
That tired old Charon has ferried.
And that one there, with the curly
head,
Is the babe last week I buried.

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